MAR 4 1973
84

3/3/73

Dear Dione,

Your No. 12, dated 2/26, postmarked 2/28, didn't come until today. It is a day on which I had to go to the Washington airport to pick up a sick friend. Got Lil to take off from her work and go along. Picked up the mail at the post office. She read this letter to me as we were driving. The trip and other things I was able to do in Washington, despite today being Saturday, consumed most of it. So, I will here address but one part of it, beginning by quoting it to you because you do not have it:

"...I'm definitely NOT sending you the biographical data in my handwriting, signed by me because it would make a prospective World War III look like a firecracker, right down on my head long before/if you received it. As far as sketches are concerned, faces are still very fresh in my mind especially Langly's [it has an "e", Langley's] "GODZILLA" whom I last encountered just 17 months ago - DEFINITELY AGAINST my will and I had to stay pumped full of Lithium Carbonate for a solid 4 months just to calm down afterwards. I know that son of a bitch knows all about my present situation & is just waiting for me to write to that P.O.Box. I just hope he isn't holding his breath (If "IT" breathes because I don't believe that crazy mother fucker could ever have been human) That alone is a L-O-N-G story, Harold and it rattles me right away into an instant state of Homicidal Mania just to briefly recollect it. God!" and here you drifted off with a proper harangue. Into other things, some threats of unladylike violence, some of ladylike concerns.

No, good. The time for this kind of fobbing off has passed, for several reasons. Besides, I used to be one of "them", remember? Before you were born. Before that I was what today would be called an illegal one. Not bad, good; not wrong, right. At the instigation of the Department of Justice, before we got into World War II. So, I know better and believe you should. It is much more dangerous, for example, to say that under some circumstances you might say something than to say it, if only because this provides inspiration for seeing to it that the right circumstances can't come about.

In the past I have told you that friendship and trust are two-way propositions. I mean this more today and it was true then. I have told you that right now I have certain needs that I can't, in your circumstances, communicate to you. This is quite separate from your present needs, but I am satisfied that they coincide. So, the time has come for you to be a friend and to act like one, and to trust me, as you know you can. Especially because you know I had and have every reason NOT to trust you and have and do.

I have never lied to you. You have lied to me. I never called you a liar, but any time you want chapter and verse, I'll take the time. At the same time, as I have told you, what you told me, which I never accepted without my own checking, led to what is worthwhile. There were some things I just didn't bother with because they were so obviously incredible. Some things are in limbo, especially some names, which are wrong but close. On a number of things I could identify secondary sources. On still others the improvisations were childish. We both know that when I wanted to get you to a quiet place and separate the grain from the chaff you wouldn't do it. Once you started stalling, I did not make the necessary arrangements and I did arrange other uses of that time. I just don't have all that time to waste. You may recall that when you finally showed up it is I who would not go and that, as soon as I could shake you loose from your contrived conversations with my hosts, I took you right home.

I do not put this on a "you owe me" basis, although I could. Only recently you told me that you are so sorry for the harm you havedone me.

Now when you tell me that you are afraid of the mail but are not afraid of the phone, I just don't and can't believe it. There is no problem with my mail on this end. They may well be with the phone. Besides, I told you long ago what to do if you had apprehensions about the mail, and you do have this fantastic memory.

Besides, it is an axiom of the spook business that danger lies in possessing unshared information, not in imparting it to one who can be trusted. By imparting it one writes the only insurance possible. And your cunning and native ingenuity are such that if I had not told you how to do it, you'd have no trouble doing it entirely on your own, starting from scratch. So, no dime novel stuff, please.

You do not know and have no way of knowing what interests me or is at this minute important to me. For example, I fed you a lead on a box number. I am not unaware that you ignored it. I know that I don t know all the possible ones or even a fraction of them, hear here or down there. But I do know some and which are important to me me of these. I also know that you could make up a long string of fake numbers and send them. About that I can do nothing. But the odds against your making up the right one(s) are so great I'd have no doubt on that score. So, give - NOW.

I do know that there is much I do not know. But I also know much. I have the identifications of fronts set up for such spying, the whole deal. Including carbons of what was filed on me. When you are here, you can see them. The world did not fall down around the ears of my source. That is too dangerous for others to be worth it. It was such a protection to that source that when legal action was possible that also was not dared. You are not alone in having crossed the line!

The difference between us is that between June and September. Aside from present and immediate needs, I haven't as much time left as you. And I have bit off an awful big hunk for any one person to chew.

Want me to be like a father? Then be like a daughter.

To say nothing of like a mensch.

I have spent too much time trying to keep you out of possible trouble to get you into any. Want the original of one stupidity? You didn't give it to me, as you know. Nor can anyone use it against you. (What I have includes the envelopes, fingerprints and all.)

I also remind you that you have every reason to remember my silences. Nothing has happened to any information I have. (Except for security deposit outside my immediate possession.)

So, in between the things you have to do in your most pressing interest, you have time and I'm asking you to use it.

I think you should really enjoy it.

Hope everything is going well and that you have out your head together well enough to keep it that way.

Good luck!

17 months ago exactly coincides with the period immediately following her break with Vic LaFrance, Braithewaite, La. police sergeant. She had begun this relationship so abruptly I wondered about it at the time. No prelude at all. She was about to marry one guy and a couple of days later she tells me she is living with Vic. Later I sent her a sketch the authenticity of which I had no way of knowing. It was sent to me as that of a man identified only as "Vic", from a place far distant from New Orleans, about as far away as you can get in the continental limits. When she got that sketch, she broke off, immediately and for a long time. Until Houston, in fact.Parlayed coincidences?